**Song of the Proles**

*October 18, 1983*

Come my son

Pick up a gun

Let us take a ride.

The time has come.

We knew it would.

There's nowhere left to hide.

We've waited.

Cried.

Held ourselves

In check

And lived

As though our souls had died.

Now we know.

We must!

We must!

Even we have pride!

It just won't stay inside.

God knows how we've tried.

God knows how we've prayed and hoped

That the pain would

Fade with the morning light.

Or the misery subside.

Our daughters -- funny playthings.

Fantasy's delight.

Fun to use for the moment.

Fill a vacant night.

Breasts too pinch and fondle.

Wombs to poke and prod.

Mouths to fill with sperm and

Hearts to torture and defile.

Feel them.

Suck them.

Beat them.

Fuck them.

Be gone with the morning's light.

Their mothers,

Good for dirt

And filth.

To cook.

To scrub.

To toil.

Raise your own spawn.

Spare your wives.

So they might primp and smile.

Sap their life.

Drink their strength.

Fill their every day

With all your wants

And needs and what,

You spoil

And throw away.

Our sons -- Beasts of Burden.

Muscle without minds.

Break their backs.

Crush their souls.

Fight your endless wars.

If they balk at demands,

Or raise their voice,

The gun.

The cage.

The rope.

Bear their scars

In silence.

Legacy of the poor.

A death.

A score.

No matter.

Who will weep for a dog?

Miss a mule?

Look for a sheep

That is gone?

Simply breed some more.

Easy to do.

Why keep count.

What else are the dumb brutes for?

You have laughed

As our women

Perished.

Danced

As our babies starved.

Ate

Till your bellies swelled

And ached

While our children cried

As their bodies died.

Not a crumb to eat.

Not a flame for warmth.

Not a moment's hope

That the future holds,

For us, or for

Our own poor sons,

Any measure of relief.

Respite from the hell

We know so well.

Or rest from the steady beat

Of a heart wrung out.

A tortured shell.

A soul lost oh

So long ago.

Sans warmth or love

Or need.

Sans even one small spark or

Care or effort

To believe.

The mirror or our Existence

Casts back the reality we meet,

The certainty

Of poverty

Suffering

And defeat.

Let us bomb them in their chambers,

Shoot them on the streets,

Stalk them in their bedrooms,

Stab them in their sheets.

Ah the joy of the tyrants gasp

At the thrust of the steel.

How sweet the sound

As the blood drips out

And the heart no longer beats.

The man has pushed

One step too far.

The piper's come to town.